Bish. They giue themselues the name of Protestants,
And meete in fields and solitary groues.
Sir Iohn. Was euer heard (my Lord) the like till now?
That theeues and rebels, sblood heretikes,
Plaine heretikes, Ile stand too't to their teeth,
Should haue to colour their vile practises,
A Title of such worth, as Protestant? *Enter one with a letter*
Suf. O but you must not sweare, it ill becomes
One of your coate, to rap out bloody Oathes.
Bish. Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,
An honest country Prelate, who laments
To see such foule disorder in the Church.
S. Iohn. There's one they call him Sir Iohn Old-castle,
He has not his name for nought: for like a Castle
Doth he encompasse them within his walles,
But till that castle be subuerted quite,
We ne're shall be at quiet in the Realme.
Bish. That is our suite (my Lord) that he be tane
And brought in question for his heresie:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherein my Lord *Hertford* writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord Cobham, at the Sizes there,
For they had much adoo to calme the rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slaine.
Suf. A fire that must be quencht. Well, say no more,
The King anon goes to the counsell Chamber,
There to debate of matters touching France,
As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace
Concerning your petition. Master Butler,
If I forget, do you remember mee.
But. I will my Lord. *Offer him a purse.*
Bish. Not as a recompence,
But as a Token of our loue to you.
By me (my Lords) the Clergy doth present
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,

Praying

Praying your Lordship to accep
Suf. I thanke them, my Lor
But will not take their money,
To giue it to this Gentleman,
Bish. Sir, then we craue your
But. The best I can my Lor
Bish. Nay, pray take it, trust
S. Iohn. Were ye all three vp
You should not neede straine
Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye
Suff. The King is comming
The very first thing I will brea
Shall be about your matter.
Enter King Harry an
Har. My Lord of Suffolke,
Was it not saide the Clergy di
To lend vs money toward ou
Suf. It was my Lord, but
Har. I know it was: for *H*
They haue bene very bountif
Suf. And still they vow my
Hoping your Maiesty will th
As of your louing Subiects, a
All such malicious errors as
To spot their calling, and dis
Har. God else forbid: wh
Is there any new rupture to
Suf. No new my Lord, t
And so increasing, as if not
Will breede a scandall to yo
And set your kingdome qui
The Kentish Knight, Lord
Of any Law, or spirituall di
Maintaines this vpstart nev
And diuers great assemblie
And priuate quarrels, are c

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